

ROBERT MUIRHEADS. LAMENT.

To a Pleasant New Tune.

1

4

I eave of my minde why thinks thou on,
She that was once my dear
does thou not know that she is gone,
and maried now I hear
what madnes make the recolt
to think on such a maide
who allwise payd me with neglect
and my desinges bewraed.

I wet in my couceit I swear,
and Constance to the
whilst no man Could withstand her seat,
nor shoon her destanie,
I Loved her well she lov'd not me
she was un great yow'l say,
some said it was but p're ie
O what great fools were they

2

Why wakenest thou again my woes
and thus tormenteth me,
who is the worst of all my foes
who only friend should be,
is she not dead to me alace
except her husband dye,
Ile yet remeber on her face
for all her Creultie.

5

For I tryed all the civil arts,
that ever any used,
with tears I did proclaim my smart,
yet daylie was abused,
I am sure if ever she had Lov'd,
at length she would have shown'd
she slighted me and so she prov'd,
And manfullie disound.

3

For I never saw a thing so faire
since I had eyes to see,
a thing that was both Chast and raire
a thing that reavist me,
in modeſtie she did exceed,
the moſt of women kind,
I thought ſhe had no fault Indeed
gife ſhe had been mine.

6

Unhappie I if I recall,
these pevis thoughts again
to bring my ſpirit under thral
to repoſes my pain,
If I had never ſeen her face
I had not fainted ſo,
to offer up a ſacrifice,
to anie thing below.

F I N I S.